THE DYING EMIGRANTS' PRAYER,

WRITTEN IS

HENRY PLUNKETT GRATTAN ESQ.

and respectfully dedicated to the

IRISH RELIEF COMMITTEE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

GEORGE LUDER.

NEW YORK.

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THE DYING EMIGRANT'S PRAYER.

Words by H. Plunkett Grattan.  
Music by George Loder.

ANDANTINO
ESPRESSIVO.

Oh bear me to my Cottage Home! In my
lovely native Land And let my dying eyes be closed By my
Mother's kindly hand, Oh let me look upon her face.

4174
Once more that sweet voice hear, That e---ven death's strong Ag---ony

With holy love .......... can cheer; A---las! A---las! my prayer is

vain, Oh! I ne'er shall see my home a---gain,

SECOND VERSE!

Oh how I long for each dear scene From
which my man

hood roved, The mossy bank, the glittering stream The val


childhood loved, My gen
tle sis

ter where art thou? My brother


where, Oh... where? A stranger bathes my fe

vered brow And


hears my dy

ing prayer; A

las! A

las! that prayer is vain Oh! I
Third Verse.

Some spell is on me some sweet spell! I see the hallowed spot, I

know each leaf of that brave tree That shades my Father's
Cot! It is my Mother's face I see, My Sister, thou art pressing My dying hand! and even now I hear my Father's blessing, Farewell! my prayer was not in vain, My Spirit sees! my home... again.